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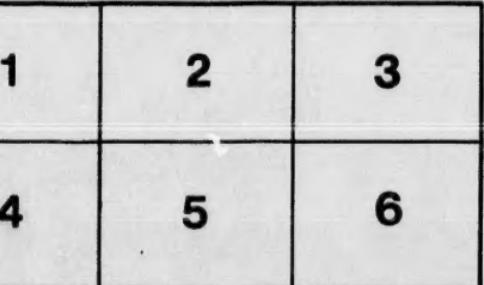
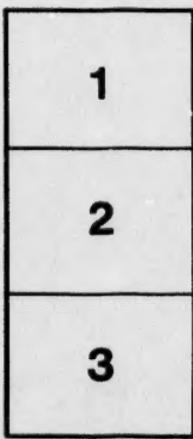
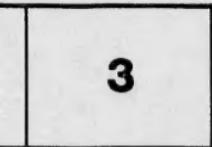
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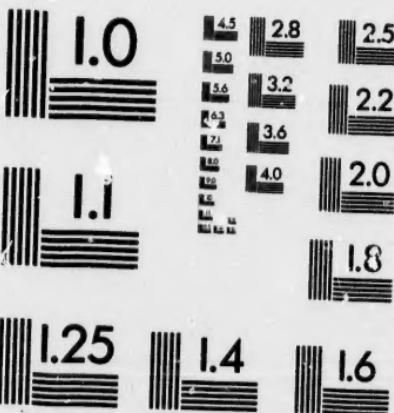
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FLOWERS BY THE WAYSIDE,

A MISCELLANY

OF

PROSE AND VERSE,

INCLUDING

Marion Somers, The Old Man's Desire, Precious Memories,
Siege of Lucknow, Absent Friends, &c.

BY

MARY, E. HERBERT,

Author of "Aolian Harp", "Scenes in the life of a Halifax Belle",
"Woman as she should be", &c.

"Rare is the heart to bear a flower,
That must not wholly fall and fade,
Where alien feelings, hour by hour,
Spring up, beset, and overshade.
Better a child of care and toil,
To glorify some needy spot,
Than in a glad redundant soil
To pine neglected and forgot".

— R. M. MILNES.

HALIFAX, N. S.

PRINTED AT THE CITIZEN OFFICE.

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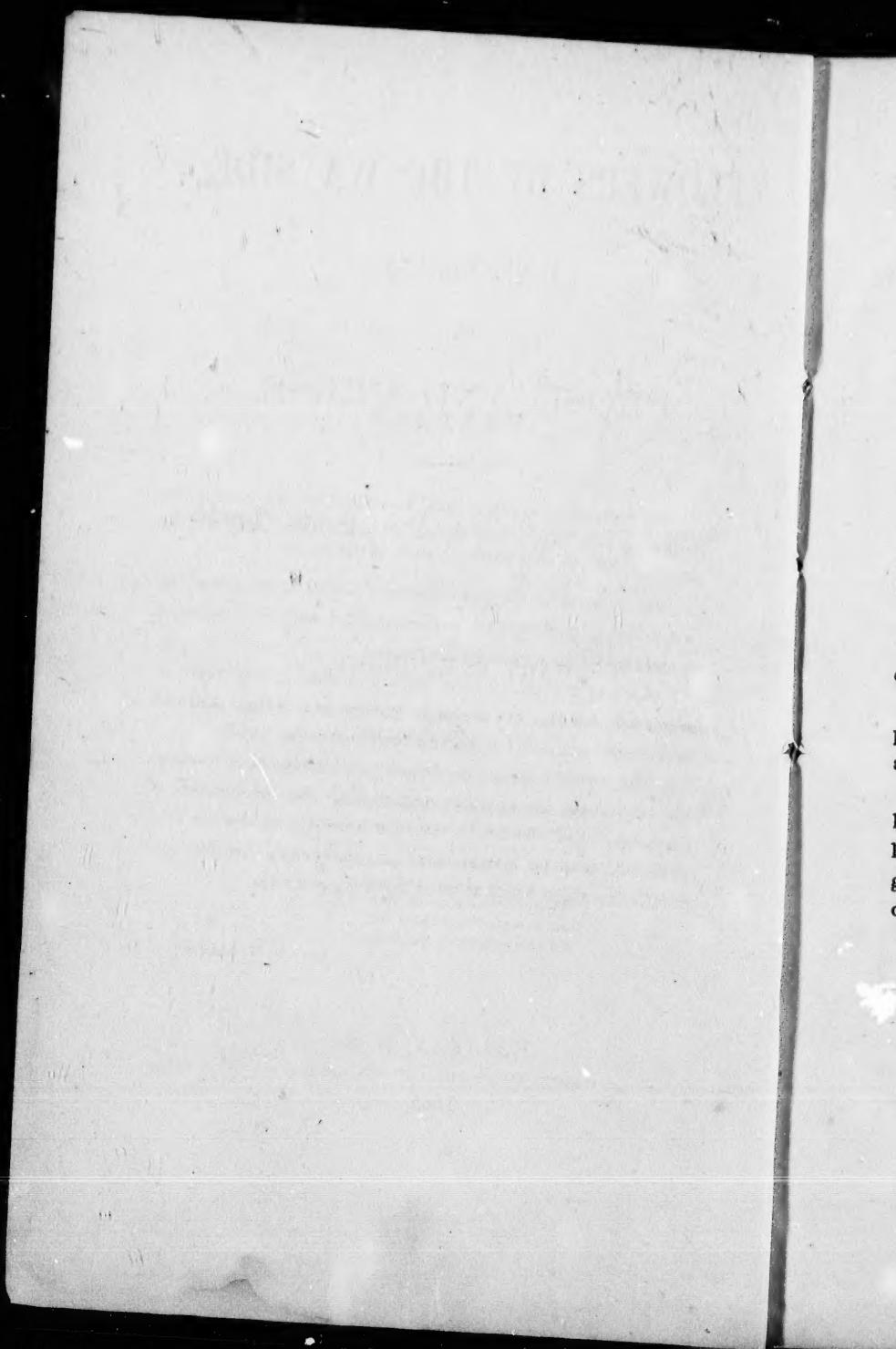
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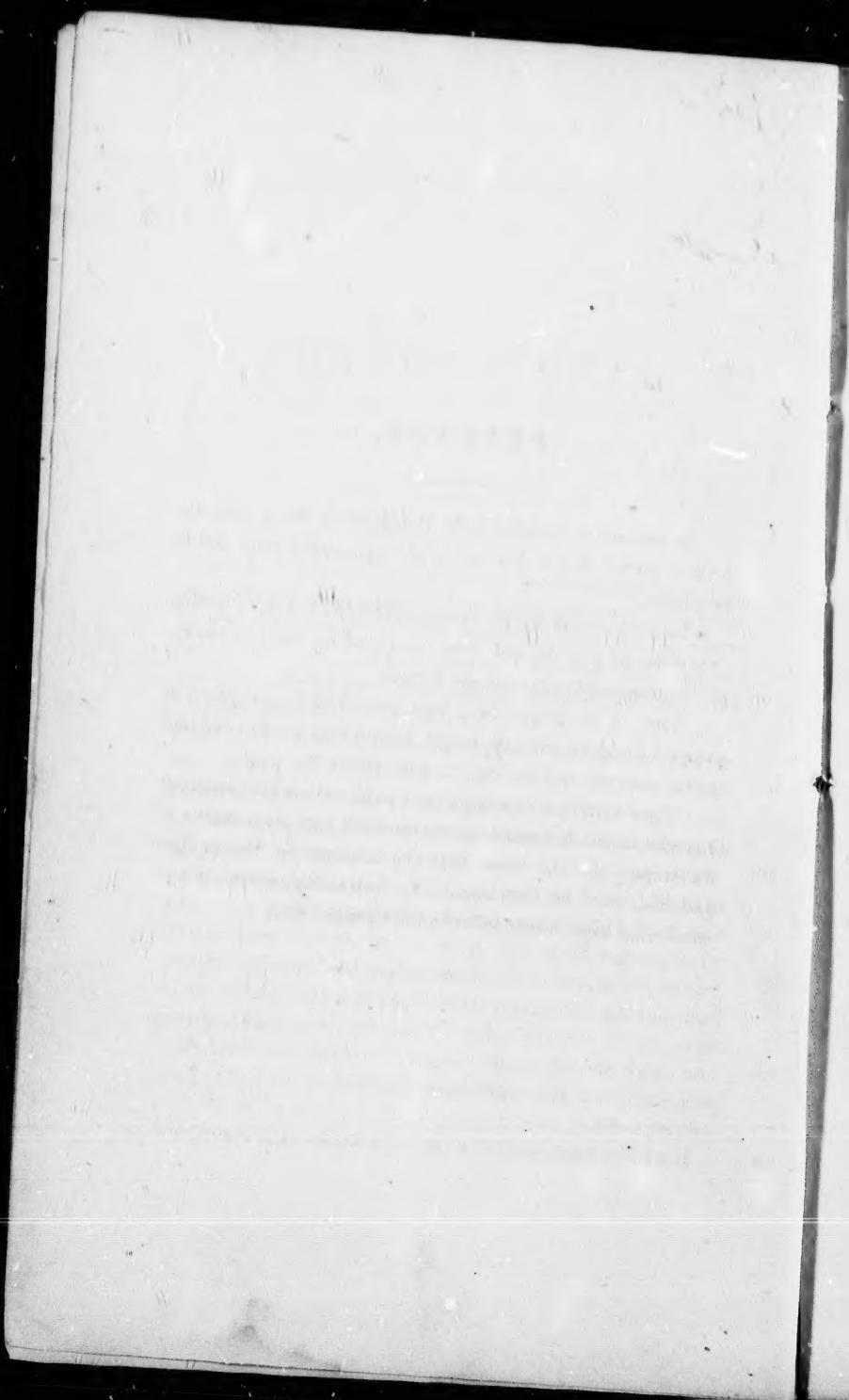
P R E F A C E.

In presenting another little Pamphlet to the public, the Author deems that a few words of explanation may not be misplaced.

Its contents are the productions of leisure hours, extending over different periods, and were composed as fancy, memory, or circumstances suggested the themes.

Some of the pieces have been published in past years, in provincial papers,—but the larger portion were written and laid aside,—and are now for the first time before the public.

The favorable notice her former publications have received has encouraged her again to venture forth into the domains of literature,—and she trusts that the unassuming flowers thus gathered, may be instrumental in instructing, cheering and comforting some weary toiler in life's rugged way.



MARION SOMERS.

A TRUE STORY.

"How oft I fear that I shall fail;
How oft my spirit sinks and faints;
How oft doth dark mistrust prevail,
And faithless tremors and complaints."

There was poverty in the home of Marion Somers, struggling, vexatious, heart-wearing poverty, though none would have dreamed it who beheld that pretty cottage, embowered amid trees; its casements covered with honey-suckle and multi-flora, and the little plot before the door redolent of mignonette; where carnations vied in size and beauty with their neighbors the blush-rose,—and the rich pansy and double-balsam, and variegated sweet-william bloomed as gaily as in the gardens of opulent proprietors.

The dew lay on the grass, sparkling in the early rays of the morning sun, like regal diamonds, and the cool refreshing breeze, fragrant with balmiest odors, swept into the open casement and rustled the leaves of the little bible Marion had just been perusing; and closing the much prized volume she laid it carefully on the pretty table by the window, and leaning her head on her hand, began to think both soberly and sadly of the anticipated trials of the day just commenced.

Had her sorrows been but fancied ones, the morbid

nurslings of an ill-trained mind, the beauty of the scene without, and the reviving freshness of the morning air, might surely have banished them, but they were too real to give place even to such sweet comforters; and dear lover of nature as she was, even the sight of one of its fairest landscapes possessed no power to charm or lighten the burden of grief which pressed heavily upon her spirit.

Marion, or rather Mrs. Somers, for though scarcely twenty-five, she had been four years a wife, could have told you, fair maiden, who from childhood have been nursed in the lap of wealth, many of the secrets of poverty, that is, had her self-respect and native pride and independence of character permitted; but you would have visited that dwelling many and many a time, and admired the neatness and taste which presided over its internal arrangements, nor guessed that the fair young woman, whose sweet voice and refined manner, bespoke the true lady, had, that very day, deprived herself of that portion of the bread and milk that formed her scanty noon-tide repast, that her children might not go supperless to bed.

Her husband, a man of gentlemanly manners and excellent abilities, had, on taking up his abode about a year previous, in the town in which they at present resided, commenced to publish a weekly paper, which absorbed the small capital he had then in possession.

At first it bade fair to prove successful, but his funds became exhausted before it was well established, while one misfortune after another befel him. His wife and two little ones were brought nigh to the

gates of death by a raging epidemic, and scarcely had they recovered ere he himself was prostrated by the same malady.

During the interval an assistant managed, or rather mismanaged, the paper; subscribers were neglected; money collected and squandered,—and he arose from his sick bed involved in debt, with no means to satisfy his too importunate creditors, while want, if not absolute starvation, stood knocking for admittance at the door of their hitherto happy dwelling.

As soon as Mr. Somers' returning health permitted, he hastened to visit those places in which many of his subscribers resided, and thus endeavoured, by gathering in the pittance due, to retrieve, if possible, their condition. He had been gone two or three weeks at the period our story commences, and one or two letters received by his anxious wife, seemed to afford little encouragement for the future.

No wonder then that this sunny summer morning found Marion desponding, nay, almost despairing. Their supply of food was nearly exhausted, and the remittance hoped for from her husband had not yet arrived; while harsh creditors grew more and more impatient.

The day wore on, all too swiftly, to many a joyous heart for whom it was laden with blessings; but to her, oppressed by grief and anxious forebodings, it seemed to drag slowly away.

Evening came at last,—and the birds sang their hymns of thanksgiving and nestled to repose; her prattling little ones' voices were hushed in childhood's

sweet slumber, and at the vine-covered casement the sad mother sat alone.

The last golden hues of sunset faded in the west, and the shadows of night gathered and deepened around that drooping form, clad in its garb of mourning.

For visions of the happy past came trooping to haunt her, and make, if possible, the present more bitter.

Of girlhood's golden dreams, of the rich promise of her bridal day, of the absent loved one who might be, and she shuddered at the fancy, sickening and sinking beneath his anxious trial—of all these she thought until her temples glowed and throbbed with the effort, and then, as she remembered how poor they were in *true* friends, brothers born for adversity, came the vision of that fond mother, who, one fleeting twelvemonth ago, had been her guiding star, but that light had been shrouded in the darkness of the tomb, and the voice ever ready to console and encourage, was now hushed in death's awful silence.

"My grief is selfish," she murmured, "for well I know how supremely blest is she whose absence I feel so deeply. Yes, thou has entered into rest, and thy works follow thee; but *I*, shall I ever attain to that refuge of the weary, those mansions of unfailing delight, prepared for those that overcome."

And then sadly she thought of the plans of usefulness which, in past days, she had loved to mark out; plans which failing health, and growing cares, and scanty means, had prevented her from executing; and it seemed to her sensitive conscience that life was ebbing away almost unimproved, and that Death

would perchance arrest her, ere her work had scarce begun.

Mrs. Somers forgot, for the time, that *suffering* as well as *doing* is often Heaven's high work,—and that “They also serve who only stand and wait”—and with tearful eyes and an oppressed heart, she sought her couch, scarcely relieved, even by the earnest petitions expressed more by groans than words, offered at the footstool of heavenly grace.

Sobbing she sank to sleep, and as she slept she dreamed that as she was sitting, despondingly musing over her condition, wondering whether, for one who had toiled so little in her Master's vineyard, Heaven's pearly gates would ever be flung back, and the words of welcome fall on her ear,—as she raised her eyes, her mother stood before her, arrayed in garments of light; her countenance radiant with beauty, and gently inquired the cause of her deep depression.

“Oh, Mother,” she replied, hot tears falling fast from her eyes, “I fear I shall never reach the blissful land you now inhabit. The cares of life press heavily on my spirit, and my faith is very, very weak; earth is a weary wilderness and Heaven seems so distant. Surely “God hath forgotten and the Lord hath forsaken me.” “He hideth his face so that I cannot behold him.” “I strive to do his will but too often, alas! fail utterly, and when I would raise my thoughts to heavenly themes, the trials strewn thickly in my daily path drag them down again to earth.”

“My child,” replied the Mother in solemn yet tender accents, “What doth the Lord thy God require of thee,—but to do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.”

With the utterance of this beautiful passage of Scripture she vanished from her sight.

The first silvery chimes of the Sabbath bells broke on the stillness of the summer morning with their sweet music, as the Minister, closing his Bible, and with a look of some anxiety on his usually calm and heavenly countenance, whose every lineament bore the stamp of lofty and commanding thought, closed the door of his study, and prayerfully wended a secluded way that led to the beautiful church over which he presided.

It was not without some trepidation he neared its sacred precincts, for through the week past he had found it almost impossible to fix his thoughts on any particular passage, from which to address his congregation, and it was only within the last few hours that one had been forcibly suggested to his mind, so that he had had but little time indeed for preparation.

Thither had Mrs. Somers, also, directed her steps, for it was her accustomed place of worship, and leaving her children in charge of a kind neighbour, she gladly hastened to listen to the Word of Life, and receive, perhaps, some token of consolation for her desponding and burdened spirit, and as she passed on, memory involuntarily reverted to the touching

ful passage of
exquisite lines of one who "though dead yet speaketh" in reference to the varied needs of those who frequent the Sacred Fane--

"What griefs that make no sign,
That ask no aid but thine,
Father of mercies to thine ear is known;
* * * * *
And the fond aching love,
Thy minister to move
All the wrong heart by softening it to thee!"

The services proceeded as usual, and at length the text was commenced; but what was Mrs. Somers' astonishment to hear the very passage which she had dreamed the night before her mother had repeated to her.

She trembled with the intensity of her emotion, but at length became more calm; and as though an angel had spoken from heaven, listened, while with an eloquence that seemed almost inspired, he expounded the passage.

Never did more consoling words fall upon her ear; so suitable to her case, so fraught with richest encouragement; and she retired from the service with a light step, and a countenance beaming with hope and gladness, from which had fled the slightest shade of despondency.

And still the blessed influences of that service continued throughout the day; it sweetened the very frugal repast, the last remnant of their scanty provision; it cheered her solitary hours; and she retired, with a thankful, hopeful heart, to rest, not doubting but that help and deliverance would come.

And richly was her faith rewarded. The morrow brought a welcome missive from her fond husband, containing money to meet their present exigencies, with the glad tidings, not only of his speedy return, but also of prosperous fortune that had befallen him.

Want was henceforth banished from their dwelling, and bright sunny days succeeded to the dark, cloudy ones of adversity; but never has Mrs. Somers forgotten the help and consolation received in time of need, and often while gratefully reverting to it, she will exclaim, with tears in her eyes, "Who remembered us in our low estate, for his mercy endureth for ever!"

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THE OLD MAN'S DESIRE.

I stand upon' the verge of time,
And scan with eager eyes the sea,
Whose turbid, dark, and sluggish waves,
Divide my best beloved from me.

A checkered pathway mine has been,
With many a Bochim here and there,—
But ever at the darkest hour,
God's angel, Mercy, hovered near.

And love and friendship sweetly came,
To tread with me life's sambre way ;
Then flowery grew the steepest path,
More radiant dawned each blissful day !

They shared my griefs, till Sorrow's self
Assumed a fairer face to me ;
And Peace and Joy, those heavenly guests,
Dwelt 'neath their hallowed ministry.

When, lo ! commissioned from on high,
An Angel stern appeared to view—
" I claim them for a fairer clime,
Bid your beloved a long adieu."

THE OLD MAN'S DESIRE.

I wept, I prayed, in vain, in vain,
I saw their radiant wings unfurled,—
One tender, loving glance they gave,
Then soared aloft to yon bright world.

And lone I toiled and travelled on,
Through many a weary changing year;
But now my race is nearly run—
That land of rest is drawing near.

Forgive me, Father, if I long
Too much its jasper walls to see,
Forgive me, if I sigh too oft
To join that better company.

For Oh, I seem an alien here,
I stand amid another race;
I hear no dear familiar voice,
I see no loved familiar face.

The young, the active, and the gay,
They pass me by with hurrying feet,
Eager in search of wealth or fame,
With careless nod they only greet.

And so I wend my toilsome way,
Still thinking of that long sought home,
To which my lengthened journey tends,
Where my worn feet no more shall roam.

Oh, happy day that brings release
From pain and sorrow, sin and care;
Oh, welcome voice, that bids me haste
The bliss of those I love to share.

What raptures strange shall thrill my soul
As wide the pearly gates expand ;
How shall I shout " Safe home at last,"
When once within those walls I stand.

Loud shall I strike my golden harp,
Joyful my song of praise shall be,
To Him whose guiding hand I own,
To Him who gave himself for me.

There shall my spirit sweetly blend
With kindred spirits loved and blest,—
And parting, that made earth so drear,
Shall never mar that perfect rest.

PRECIOUS MEMORIES.

"Let fate do her worst there are relics of joy,
Bright dreams of the past which she cannot destroy;
Which come in the night-time of sorrow and care,—
And bring back the features that joy used to wear.
Long, long, be my heart with such memories filled;
Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;
You may break, you may ruin the vase if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still."—Moore.

The sunny spring is here. May, youngest and fairest of the sweet sisterhood, that usher in the glowing summer, has come at last.

I marked her tripping o'er the glade,
And Earth in thousand charms arrayed
Smiled on her as she passed;
While stealing through each quiet nook
Its welcome murmured low the brook.

How pleasant to be awakened while yet the dawn lingers in the east, and its faintest rays scarce streak the horizon, by the sweet notes of Nature's choristers who make the air vocal with their music, strange yet pleasing contrast to the icy dumbness, which had settled on vegetable and a large portion of animal life, during the long-months of our tedious northern winter.

I fling open my window, and the balmy air, fragrant with the scent of our own native Mayflower, woos

me to explore its woodland retreat; the grassy lawn is rapidly assuming its brightest emerald hue; the clambering jessamine by the window has put forth unnumbered hues; the lilac will soon burst into bloom, and fling its odors to the passing breeze; the white-flowered hawthorn will again unite as of yore the busy multitude of favored bees to sip its sweetness, and the birch, the poplar, the elm and mountain-ash, through whose leafless branches so lately the wintry wind "made music, sighing as it went," shall resume, in honor of sweet summer, their fairest robes, their young softly tinted leaves fanned by her gentle zephyrs, and glistening beneath the reflection of her radiant smile.

At such a season the heart awakens to new life. There are times when listlessness overpowers us; when an indifference and torpor steal over the spirit; when memory seems dead or at least benumbed, and we go through the daily routine of duty mechanically, almost uncheered by hope, or stimulated by motive, as though conscience alone kept watch; and the passions of the human soul, which at times so frantically and clamorously assert their claims, had, wearied with their constant wrestling, at last sank into repose.

But their time of rest is short.

The return of spring, "the great awakener," with all its treasured associations of other, and it may be, happier days, arouses the heart afresh; memory bestirs itself to renewed activity, and bud and flower, and verdant landscape, are the talismans by which she revives the imperishable images of the past.

Sorrow, too, keen, heavy, overwhelming sorrow,

PRECIOUS MEMORIES.

Sorrows settling on the soul like a tempest on the ocean, driving the waves into fury; such agony similarly rouses the mind; and then, strangely in contrast with the present, come the recollections of far-off delights once enjoyed, of days of happiness once experienced, of places memorable by reason of the hallowed associations connected with them.

"My soul is overwhelmed within me," exclaimed the stricken Psalmist, "therefore will I remember thee from the land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, and the hill Mizar."

Some wonderful deliverance experienced there; some renewed manifestation of his Heavenly Father's goodness; some place of refuge and retreat in the midst of surrounding dangers; some period spent amid kindred and loving spirits;—these may have been the associations thickly clustering around those hallowed spots, shedding a cheering ray of light over the troubled waters of his soul, and encouraging him to expect that He who had thus signally blessed him in time past, would not now "leave his servant in sorrow to sink."

And we too, my christian friend, have we not also our "land of Jordan, and of the Hermonites, and the hill Mizar?"

"Doth not each heart some former scene recall,
And linger fondly at some distant hearth."

Are there not places on our earth, whose very names are to us like the pouring forth of precious ointment; places hallowed by sweet and sacred communion with Heaven, or fragrant with the memories of the loved and lost; pleasant retreats where amid the

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transporting joys of christian friendship, you and I
have forgotten, or laid aside for a time, the cares of
life, and like the disciples of old, have been ready to
exclaim, "It is good for us to be here!"

These have been to us as oases in the desert: like
the Israelites, travelling in the wilderness, faint
beneath the parching rays of the meridian sun, we
have at length come to Elim, where there were
twelve wells of water, and threescore and ten palm
trees," and have sat down under their shadow with
great delight, and quaffed draught after draught of
revivifying waters until strengthened to pursue our
onward journey.

And now, though guided by the pillar of cloud, the
Providence of our Heavenly Father, we may have
long since left those delightful retreats, and emerged
into paths steep, rugged and unsheltered; though
the tempest may be gathering thickly around, while
the place of refuge seems afar off, we will not forget
you, oh! valleys of consolation! we will not be so
ungrateful as to remember alone our Bocihms, places
of weeping; but while we revert gladly to those
hours of joys, those days of peace, sweet memorials
of our Father's love and tenderness; and while in
memory we retrac each well-known spot, these
recollections shall serve but to remind us of that
better country to which we are hastening, where
once safely lodged, life's journey done, we shall "go
no more out for ever."

THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

The burning sun of a tropical clime
Looked down on us day by day,—
And our spirits within us seemed to die
As we thought of our homes far away ;
Of the dear old homes we had loved of yore,
And the friends we feared we should see no more.

For encamped around us were savage hordes,
That were human alone in name,—
Not woman's beauty, nor childhood's grace,
Could their tiger spirits tame ;
And over our brows hung a deeper gloom,
As each day brought nearer our fearful doom.

We hoped and prayed for long, long weeks,—
And we strove each other to cheer,
With promises blest, from the Holy Book,
That God was the Hearer of Prayer,—
But the tempter was near with taunting word,
That vain was our cry, it would ne'er be heard.

And oh, as the weary months went round,
And deliverance drew not near,
What wonder if sometimes our faith had waned,
And we struggled hard with despair !

While the sick and the dying around us lay,
And we mourned for the brave hearts passed away !

The bitterest pangs of hope deferred,
We tasted the livelong day,—
And night, with its snatches of rest and sleep,
But bore us in fancy away
From the burning heat, and cannon's sound,
To our native vales with their calm profound.

One dreamed of Killarney's placid lakes,—
Another of heathery hills,—
Another of England's orchards fair,
Of its vales and silver rills ;
Or of cities claimed as their place of birth,—
And of all they had dearest prized on earth.

But one,* and he was our Chieftain brave,
The man with the dauntless heart,
Whose cheerful words fresh courage gave,
Who in all our toils took part ;
He dreamed, too, of many a lovely scene,
But more of the haunts of his youth serene.

His Acadia home with its rugged cliffs,
With its forests hoary and high,
With Chebucto's waves that bathed its shores,
With its mellow autumn sky ;—
And the friends beloved of those early years,
When he gaily laughed at life's coming cares.

*Sir John Inglis, the gallant defender of Lucknow, whose thoughts, it is said, amid the horrors by which he was surrounded, often recurred to the place of his birth and the home of his early youth, Halifax, N. S.

THE SIEGE OF LUCKNOW.

Thus sadly our days wore on 'till there dawned
 The morn that our last was to be,

When, weary with grief, a feeble one
 Laid her head on another's knee,—

And slumber came down on its pinions light,
 To soothe the quick pulse that must cease ere night.

But sudden she started, a blissful sound
 Seemed to fall on her raptured ear,

“I ken it, I ken it,” she wildly cried,
 “Tis the pibroch shrill that I hear;

They are come, they are come, true men and brave,
 We shall rescued be from an early grave.”

And nearer and nearer that sound was heard,
 It rose o'er the cannon's roar,—

And our hearts beat high, and hope returned
 To the faint and the feeble once more ;

And our shouts of triumph rent the air,
 For we knew that God had heard our prayer!

Then suddenly silence, deep on us fell,
 As each knee to the earth was bowed,

And we lifted our hands in earnest praise
 And we thanked our God aloud,—

And we vowed that his should our future be,
 For we felt that our God had made us free !

LUCKNOW.

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ABSENT FRIENDS.

"Oh, is our tenderness by theirs repaid ?
And do they sigh lost moments to regain,
And wish each look recalled, each word unsaid,
That ever chanced to give our spirits pain ?
Yes, doubt it not, though cold and sundered long,
Pride to the power of time and distance bends ;
Forgotten is the slight, repaired the wrong ;
The heart still breathes, " Peace to our absent friends ! "

How brightly through this mortal vale of shadows,
mists, and tears, shine the golden links of love which
bind human beings to each other.

A friend ! of all mere earthly gifts, Heaven's
crowning boon to man,—the source of unspeakable
enjoyment, and yet, strange paradox, at times of
unutterable anguish.

Place me in a palace,—let Nature and Art both
combine to gather around my dwelling their choicest
charms ; let the lulling murmur of fountains and the
melody of unnumbered instruments lull me to repose
let the choicest viands administer daily to my wants ;
let my garments be of texture the most costly,—and
let the ruby, the pearl, and the diamond adorn with
their flashing rays my person ; let obsequious menials
wait to do my bidding, and, let Poetry, Painting
and Music, sweet sisters, minister perpetually before
me ;—but let the voice of affection be unheard, and
the eye of love cease to beam, and the hand of
friendship scatter no flowers in my path, and I would

turn with loathing from the most enchanting Paradise, and consume life in unutterable longings for the humblest cottage blessed by affection with her genial presence.

“Oh, what indeed were life,
Without love’s genial light,
Which in this world of strife,
Still shines most purely bright.”

Yes, sweet, unutterably sweet are the tones of friendship; fairer than the fairest landscape smiling beneath the golden rays of the rising sun are the lineaments of those we love; their presence dispels the dark clouds of sorrow,—and their sympathy lightens life’s heaviest burden.

Happy they who sink to rest with the fond “Good night” vibrating in their ear,—and awake to remember that

“Still at their home, and by their side”
are those, without whom life would indeed be a dreary, howling wilderness.

But, alas! for this fond human affection in a world such as ours. Precious yet transitory are its enjoyments; and its sorrows what tongue or pen can delineate?

We speak not now of the climax of its anguish—Death; that we have portrayed in other pages,—and too deep the wound it opens for us to dare return and linger,—but there are other causes of separation scarcely less poignant,—scarcely less destructive of earthly happiness.

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last echo of his footsteps has died away on the threshold,—but the tremulus good-bye still lingers in our ears, and our hand still vibrates to the parting clasp.

Out into the darkness, with eyes that scarce can see for thickly falling tears, our vision strains to catch one more parting look, and then we turn hurriedly away, and go back to the desolate home.

What a strange change has come over the dwelling; how like a knell falls the sound of our steps, as we tread the silent hall, and ascend the winding stairs.

Those parlors, but yesterday they were flooded with sunshine; how gaily bloomed the flowers in those vases; how sweetly smiled those pictured walls, while merrily floated through the rooms the notes of music; now, all is still. The flowers have lost their beauty—the voice of music is hushed, and those fair paintings seem to regard us with mournful eyes, as though they would fain sympathise in our sorrow.

And days, and weeks, and months pass on, aye, even years, and the void is still in the heart. Not visibly, perhaps, to stranger eyes, but deep down, unseen, unkenned by human vision, are those yearnings for the absent.

"We miss them when the board is spread,
We miss them when the prayer is said."

And the vain longing for their presence casts a sadness over our happiest moments. Every scene is redolent with their remembrance; and if amid the ceaseless care and hurrying labors of the day, they seem, perchance, less present to memory,

"Night comes, and Oh! can we forget".

Then is it that the tide of affection swells afresh, and imagination strives to picture their present condition.

At such a time, how gladly would we throw aside, for a while at least, the garb of mortality, and ask of some attendant angel, his power to soar away, and unseen ourselves, behold the faces of the absent.

Oh! for one moment's glance, one moment to linger at their side, and assure ourselves of their welfare, and we would be content; but it may not be. Tempestuous oceans, rugged mountains, tangled wild-woods and busy cities divide them from us.

What resource then remains, what relief for the yearning heart? Nought but one, yet that is omnipotent.

We may not be permitted to stand beside our beloved, warding off, if possible, the shafts of sorrow and sickness; no longer can we personally sympathise in their sorrows, and rejoice in their joy; our willing hand may not wipe away the tears, or smooth the pillow for the aching head.

Strangers in a strange land, who shall comfort, who shall befriend them? and the heart almost ceases to beat as it realizes its own impotency on behalf of those for whom it would be willing to part with life itself.

And then, sweetly to soothe the troubled spirit, comes the never failing resource, the omnipotent power of prayer. Then we realise the love, higher than human, that watches over the wanderer's way; the mighty Hand that points out every step of the

path, and the gracious power that guides and overrules all events for their welfare.

Happy, thrice happy are they who have such a consolation; of whom it may be said, "The eternal God is thy refuge, and beneath thee and around are the everlasting arms."

"The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent one from another," is the touching pathos of their parting words, and daily, up to Heaven's "high gates" are wafted their petitions for the absent; oftentimes in excessive ardor breathing, with streaming eyes and uplifted hands that will not be denied the boon it craves.

Like another tender heart such can exclaim,

"Whene'er I prayed for blessings on thy head,
Nothing was cold or lifeless that I said,"

and add,

"I wearied Heaven in fond appeals for thee,"—

and think you that such fervent petitions can be in vain?

Nay, they are heard, they are answered; and though high wisdom may see fit to protract and make final the separation, Faith yet rejoices to believe it shall meet its beloved,

"Renewed, complete,
New anthems singing in the great God-light."

ADIEU TO THE COUNTRY.

Gaze once again on those green hills,
Fast fading from thy sight ;
Gaze once again on those clear lakes,
Now bathed in golden light ;
For city's dusty paths thy feet
Must, as of old explore, —
And shady grove, and sunny field,
Be visited no more.

The oak shall spread its branches wide,
But other forms must rest,
Where thou, the noontide hour once spent,
In meditation blest.
The mower still, at early morn,
His glittering scythe shall wield, —
But thou shalt brush no more the dew,
From the enamelled field.

The warblings sweet of early birds,
The woods shall still awake, —
While over all the landscape fair
The morning glories break ;
But thou, no more the kindling sky
Shalt watch with eager glance, —

Where sight and sound, alike, combined,
Thy pleasure to enhance.

No longer, with companions dear,
The forest shalt thou tread,—
The elastic moss beneath thy feet,
Green waving boughs o'erhead ;
Nor join the merry laugh that rings,
As tangled glades detain,
Each step, impatient of restraint,
From some more open plain.

The sunset's golden light shall bless
Those woodlands as of yore,—
But even that hour, so well beloved,
Thy form may not restore ;
To stand as erst beside the lake,
And mark each glowing hue
Of sunset sky, and wooded shore,
Reflected back anew.

Or, in thy fairy boat, impelled
By some kind hand, to glide
Over its placid waves,—and mark
The lilies side by side ;
When but the dash of oar disturbs
The quiet of the hour,
That falls upon the restless heart
Like dew upon the flower.

And still, the soft and silvery rays
Of the fair Queen of Night,

ADIEU TO THE COUNTRY.

Shall emerald plain and forest path
 Make radiant with their light ;
But thou, afar, must watch its beams,
 And think of other eyes ;
Who once, with thee, enjoyed its smiles,
 Nor asked for fairer skies.

One long adieu to woodland scenes,
 Hills, groves, and lakes, adieu,
In visions of the midnight hour,
 Shall each return anew.
And voices then shall greet thine ear,
 Of friends, then far away,—
And kindly glances cheer once more,
 That bless thee not by day.

Nor, though surrounded by the din,
 The cares of city life,
Shalt thou forget this quiet spot,
 To thee, with beauty rife,
The pomp and pageantry of art,
 Shall still uncared for be,—
For nature, in her simple grace,
 Hath greater charms for thee.

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DISAPPOINTMENT.

"Come, Disappointment, come,
Though from Hope's summit hurled,
Still, rigid Nurse, thou art forgiven,
For thou severe wert sent from Heaven
To turn my eye
From vanity,
And point to scenes of bliss that never, never die."

Thus truthfully and exquisitely wrote the youthful Poet * whose path,

"From life's dull opening to its clouded close,"

had been a brief but trying scene of care, privation and disappointment.

Apostrophising the pale shadow that had accompanied him from earliest childhood, he thus accepts with meek resignation, her presence, not unmindful, amid the gathering gloom which she cast athwart his prospects, of the sweet lessons of patience, submission and faith which fell from her lips.

And like *his* day-dreams, beautiful, but too beautiful to be realized on earth, are the glowing visions of life's early spring-time. Not more radiant the colors of the rainbow,—not more dazzling the summer's sunshine,—not more delicious the perfume of fragrant

*Henry Kirke White.

flowers than are the ever ardent and fervent fancies of imaginative youth. And when some grave elder, striving kindly, though it may be somewhat unwisely, to check the beautiful buoyancy of this early spring-time, speaks of life as a scene of trial and disappointment, what young heart responds to the sentiment? Not one. Did you believe it friend? No, nor did I. You and I both have dreamed

"Of things impossible, could sleep do more,—
Of joys perpetual in perpetual change,—
Of stable pleasures on the tossing wave—
Eternal sunshine in the storms of life."

Oh, that fairy-land, the future. Never lordly proprietor exulted more in the wide domains he proudly called his own, than we, as we looked forward to those riper years, so full of mystery, so fraught with deepest interest. What might we not achieve,—what blissful fruition should crown our wildest wishes; others, we knew, had fallen in the conflict, and others might fail to reach the goal to which they had aspired,—but as for us, "brightly victorious" over every difficulty should be our career, until, attaining the summit of our desires, we should shout, like the Philosopher of old, "Eureka, Eureka, I have found it".

Truly has one said, "Our waking dreams are fatal;" yet, though the disenchantment may have come early, one loves to revert and linger over these recollections, and though, perhaps, we smile as we remember the extravagance of our hopes, yet a sigh may mingle with it for a return of those first warm feelings.

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Like the once happy but too soon fallen pair, as they bid the bowers of paradise a final adieu, cast no doubt, "many a lingering look behind", so we, amid the stern realities by which we are surrounded, or from the height of some summit to which we may have attained in the course of our pilgrimage, look back, longingly, on that ideal Paradise, in which, so blissfully sped our early hours.

For too soon, like a spectre, haunting our vision,---pursuing us amid all our plans,—ready to prostrate our most sanguine schemes, comes Disappointment, casting its gloomy shadow over our pathway, and with its icy fingers, chilling and withering the warm impulsive heart.

We may have striven to amass wealth, Disappointment has blown upon it, and the bubble has vanished. Fame has been within our grasp, but her hand has snatched away the coveted wreath; we may have sipped the cup of pleasure, but she had treacherously mingled with its contents, bitterest ingredients, and the draught seemed a portion of Death itself, and, when, like some celestial visitant, some angel commissioned from a brighter world, dawned the blissful vision of love, Disappointment interfering, enwrapt it in her mantle of gloom, and tore it away from our frenzied embrace.

Painful are these experiences as we pass through life: it is hard to see the gold, for which perchance, we "rose up early and sat up late, and ate the bread of carefulness", melt away in our grasp, and with it the ease and luxury, the honor and influence its unfailing attendants; hard too, to behold the well

DISAPPOINTMENT.

earned renown, the coveted applause for which the midnight vigil has been prolonged, and the lamp's

*"Flickering light has illumined the page
That we hoped should live in a future age".*

Snatched away by one, to whom adventitious circumstances, not merit, had secured the post to which we aspired; hard also, when in pleasure's bewildering train, we sought for happiness, and found instead satiety and weariness; but harder still, most bitter of all, when the object on which our proudest affections were placed, the ideal of our brightest dreams, for whose welfare no sacrifice would have been deemed too great, and at whose feet love poured forth its richest stores of tenderness, to find such turn away coldly, unheedingly, even mockingly from the worship so lavishly rendered.

*"Woe unto those by whom that offence cometh",
woe unto such, be it man or woman, who, for the amusement of an idle moment, or the satisfaction of a capricious fancy, dare to trifle with that priceless treasure, human affection; to win and play with it awhile, till weary of their toy, they dash it down, and it lies shattered at their feet; woe unto them for their retribution, though it may be slow, is yet sure and slumbereth not. There will come a time, there must come a time, when, far more keen, because allied with remorse, will be the pangs they suffer; when forgotten and despised by those, who in their turn, they had esteemed and valued, the ghost of that lost love, beautiful even in its despair, shall haunt their midnight pillow; they will yearn, with bitter*

yearnings, for the true heart which once laid at their feet, they had esteemed so lightly,—and in their deep sorrow, and despair, and unavailing remorse, shall yet have to acknowledge, that they suffer but a just retribution, for the agony they have so carelessly, so wantonly inflicted.

“ If thou hast crushed a flower,
The root may not be blighted ;
If thou hast quenched a lamp,
Once more it may be lighted ;
But on the harp, or on the lute,
The string which thou hast broken
Shall never, in sweet sound again,
Give to thy touch a token.”

For be sure this is no slight evil, no mere venial offence, to chill and blight the warm, impulsive heart,—to crush its kindest feelings,—to enter the garden of the soul, in which, like beautiful flowers, tender and holy thoughts were upspringing,—to find it fair as Eden, and to pass through it trampling on its richest luxuriance, and leaving to mark our presence nothing but a track of desolation and deepest ruin.

In our interview with others, have we not often come in contact with men, yes, and women too, so cold, so unsympathising, so cynical, that we have felt in their presence as though suddenly transported to a frigid atmosphere, and we have turned away with distaste, until in some chance moment we have learned the secret. Some early disappointment had come with its scathing, crushing influence, and though it may not have succeeded in breaking the heart, it

has so extinguished its best feelings, so soured and embittered its kindest sympathies, that such an one stands amid his fellows like the tree seared by the lightning's flash; the gentle dews of heaven, and the blessed rays of sunshine, failing to invigorate its withered branches, and restore them to beauty and bloom; from henceforth offering no grateful shade and bower of refuge to the weary traveller, or covert and home to the wildwood songster.

There lingers still in our memory, like some sweet strains of music, touching verses, in which were embodied, too sadly true, a picture of human life.

Some friends, whom the chances and changes of this weary world had severed for years, met at length again, and, as friends will, after long parting, told of what they had experienced, "Since last they held converse together". Each spoke of his losses; one, told of the savings of years utterly destroyed; another, of proud ambitious hopes rudely blighted; another dwelt mournfully on wife and children, above whose heads the long grass waved in a foreign land, but the last and most melancholy of all spoke sadly the words—

"A believing heart has gone from me."

And the friends as they compared their mutual griefs, one and all agreed, that he who had thus spoken, had sustained the heaviest, the most irreparable loss.

And yet it is unjust, nay, it is sinful, because

"Our search hath found but hidden clay
Where we dreamed of pure bright gold,"

to say we will seek no more, we will believe no longer.

"Deceived for once we trust not man again."

It is unjust to our Father in Heaven, whose "tender mercies are over all his works;" and unjust to our fellow-man, created after his own image, and who in spite of his fall still retains some impress of his original brightness. There are yet "some traces of Eden" remaining below; some hearts, not perfect doubtless, for angelic perfection exists not with frail humanity, but, nevertheless, warm and true and faithful in their affection, unswerving in their attachment, and ever wearing as their motto the golden precept, "As ye would that men should do to yo, do ye also to them likewlse".

Brightly on the page of history, stained by much of cruelty, wrong and outrage, shine those fair testimonials of "faithful" ones, "among the faithless found;" of man's devotion and woman's exalted constancy; of love that faltered not though the way was steep and rough, and the tender feet bled at every step;—but many still remain, of whose tenderness and truth Earth presents no record; *they* are inscribed, in more imperishable characters, on the tablets of Heaven.

Over the remembrance of many like these we might linger gladly, did time permit, but we forbear. Suffice it to know that such have lived, and such still dwell among us, too often unappreciated and unknown, until, summoned to a fairer world we discover, when too late, that angels walked in our midst though we knew them not, and with wondering

awe-struck gaze follow the shining track they have left behind, as they winged their upward way, to regions of unsullied light.

But returning to our theme from which, it may be, we have unconsciously digressed, let us not forget that Disappointments, however painful, however bitter, are, after all, the salutary discipline of Heaven, and, directing our glance, from secondary causes, to Him who "over-rules all things" we shall find that there is "a silver lining to the darkest cloud," and that even those sorrows that have fallen most heavily upon the heart's affections, may yet be productive, if wisely improved, of blessings whose value Eternity can alone reveal. Let us not listen to cruel unbelief, and cowardly despair, false prophets, whispering, it may be—

"Never shall aught but perfume faint and vain,
On the fleet pinion of the changeful hour,
From thy bruised life again
A moment's essence breathe;
Thy life, whose trampled flower,
Into the blessed wreath
Of household charities no longer bound,
Lies pale and withering on the barren ground;"

but, forgetting the past except from the lessons of wisdom we may derive from its teachings, buckle on our armour afresh for the battle of life, still relying on—

"Heaven's unchanging will
For peace at last,"

and, assuredly, it shall be given,

“Though long of winds and waves the sport,
Condemned in wretchedness to roam,
Live, thou shalt reach a sheltering port,
A quiet home!”

THE DEATH OF SIR JOHN INGLIS, K. C. B.

Bear him to his resting-place,
With a slow and solemn pace,
With one muffled drum's low beat,
With the music sadly sweet ;
On his bier the sword and plume
Seem strange trophies for the tomb,—
And the cannon's deep mouthed roar,
Wake him from his sleep no more.

Warrior rest, thy labour done,
Warrior rest, the field is won !
Hero on the battle plain
Many a laurel thou didst gain ;
Scenes of carnage, scenes of strife,
Marked thy strange eventful life,—
But, to-day, the heart recalls
Thee, 'mid Lucknow's fated walls.

Lucknow! with that name shall be
Twined thy deathless memory ;
When by savage hordes sore prest,
Sorrow deepening in each breast,

Helpless wives and children there,
Claiming still thy guardian care,—
While the pestilence stalked wide,
Dealing death on every side,

Still thy brave and loyal heart
Scorned to act the coward's part ;
Never yielding to the foe,
Though each day some friend lay low,
Patient in each long delay,
While hope flickered, died away,
Till, at length, deliverance came,
And the rescued blest thy name.

Proud Acadia claimed her son,
Boasted of his honors won,—
Fondly hoped, in years to be,
He his native land should see ;
All his boyhood's haunts retrace,
Gaze in each familiar face,
While his country gladly gave
Welcome to her hero brave !

But ah, never, never more,
Shall he tread our rock-bound shore ;
All his wanderings are done,
All his victories are won ;
Care and sorrow, toil and pain,
Now exchanged for endless gain,—
Heaven has claimed him for her guest—
Leave the warrior to his rest !

TOO LATE.

"She sank to sleep, to sleep, to dream that she
Was on the billows of the deep blue sea;
That by her parents' cottage door she stood,
And gazed on each familiar field and wood;"

* * * * *

"Alas, few days had passed,
Ere that sad exiled stranger breathed her last,
And that young heart was free as air to roam
Not to its earthly but its heavenly home".

Too late ! Bitter words, the silent burden of
many an aching heart ; the mournful record inscribed
on the tomb of blighted joys and withered hopes,
too late !

A letter from her home ? Ah, yes, but it comes too
late. Lay the missive aside, for cold in death is the
warm heart to whom its tender message had been
welcome as sunshine to the flower, or dew upon the
parched earth.

She is not here, fond father ; those loving greetings
from home, which so surely would have soothed and
comforted that bruised spirit, though borne, swiftly
as winds and waves could waft them hither, have
come alas, too late !

In yonder cemetery, where winter's wind wails
mournfully through leafless branches, all lowly she
lies, and even the message of affection is powerless to
awaken "the dull insensate ear of death". A fading

flower she came among us, and sojourned a while on these alien shores. Full of hope she had bade a fond farewell to the home of her childhood and youth; had looked her last on each familiar scene, anticipating with all the buoyancy of youth and joy, a speedy blissful return,

“But ah, never, nevermore
Shall she tread her native shore”!

She went forth, yet not alone, for he, her young heart’s chosen, the husband of her fondest affection, was with her.

“And she beneath his tender care,
Felt every fear subside”.

Safely their vessel reached the destined port, nor long a time elapsed until, homeward bound, borne onward, over the laughing waters, merrily danced their bark, nearing day by day its wished-for haven; but at length the scene was changed; the sun hid its face; thick mist enveloped the waters, and the vessel that, “like a thing of life” had so proudly and majestically moved on its course, now in an ill-fated hour, became a hapless prey to the treacherous and hidden rocks. Despair filled each heart as silently and quickly the life-boat was launched, and the unhappy crew prepared to consign themselves to its uncertain mercies, but scarcely had the pallid and trembling woman sought refuge within it, when the frail bark suddenly submerged, and she, plunged beneath the black and yawning waves, felt her hold on life relax, until a merciful insensibility closed for a time the scene.

Preserved as by a miracle, she woke at length to a sense of agonizing pain, while dimly there dawned upon her mind a remembrance of the fatal shipwreck. She gazed around, but strange faces alone met her longing glance. Where was her loved one now? Alas, plunging beneath the billows in a vain attempt, to save the life of one dear to him as his own soul, the cruel waves bore him away, and he sank to rise no more, until "the sea shall give up its dead."

"Who called thee strong as Death, O Love,
Mightier thou wert and art."

Who can paint the anguish of that widowed heart, as days passed on, and she realized more fully her bereaved condition. Strangers were kind, and two there were, exiles themselves from the dear old shores of England, who long, as labourers in the vineyard of their Lord, had tarried on that barren coast—who lavished on her tenderest care, until her health partially restored by their unremitting attention, her heart was filled with ceaseless yearnings to return once more to her childhood's home. And hither she came, trusting that soon again, over the billows borne, she would greet her kindred, lay her aching head on her mother's breast, listen to her father's tones of tenderness, and in her sisters' fond caresses feel that earth had yet for her some bliss in store.

But it might not be. Full surely had the flat gone forth, and she wasted day by day under a malady which kind and skillful physician and friends, albeit strangers, strove in vain to arrest, until at length she sank into the arms of death. Many kind hearts

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and gentle hands were privileged to minister to her comfort, and eyes, unused to weeping, filled with tears as they thought of her lonely condition, but though touchingly grateful to all, her heart yearned for her home and her parents, and she hoped against hope, that she would be permitted to greet them in the land of the living.

Gradually dawned the conviction on her mind that her days were numbered, and as the ties of earth became loosened, with a firmer faith, and more steadfast reliance, she placed her hopes on Heaven. "Simple trust," she would repeat, "simple trust in the Redeemer," and as some passages of Holy Writ, or soothing strain of sacred song were repeated, her beautiful eyes would light up with joy and emotion, while sweetly and with intense fervour she would ejaculate,

"Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that thou bid'st me come to thee,
Oh, Lamb of God I come."

"Write to my mother," she said to a friend who was bending over her, tenderly wiping the death-damp from her brow, "write and tell her how ardently I desired to have her hand to smooth my dying pillow, but oh, above all, tell her that I die trusting in Christ."

And thus she peacefully passed away from earth, to rejoin, may we not believe, the beloved of her youth, amid the glorified spirits of the Redeemed, and to behold, with eyes undimmed, the Saviour whom

TOO LATE.

having not seen she loved, and on whom she so implicitly relied.

Sweet be thy rest fair stranger! Though no fond mother's hand smoothed thy dying pillow, yet the everlasting arms of love encompassed thee, and bore thee swiftly upward and onward to the regions of eternal light. In thy distant much loved home thy kindred shall lament for thee, yet not as those without hope, and we, though not numbered among them, shall shed the tear of sorrow above thy youthful grave, yet rejoice to remember that

"Thou art where these yearnings vain,
Trouble no more the heart and brain;
The sadness of this aching love,
Dims not our father's house above."

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LADY FRANKLIN.

And is this all ? Is this the sole reward
Of years of patient and enduring trust ?
Years that have blanched the bloom from those fair cheeks,
And bowed that lofty spirit in the dust ;
Is this the end ? To learn that all is o'er,
And that brave heart is stilled for evermore.

Was it for this ? since that sad parting hour
When tears, not words, thy woman's anguish spoke ;
One vision shone before thy mental gaze,—
One cherished hope thy deepest yearnings woke ;
The distant sail that far thy loved one bore ;
The blissful thought, "He will return once more!"

"Return once more". Slow sped the weary time,
Weeks lengthen'd into months, and months to years.
The genial Spring, the blooming Summer smiled,
And Autumn crowned, with gifts, the laborer's cares ;
Then Winter, stern, resumed his rigid reign ;
Still sang thy heart, "He will come back again!"

And many a season has revolved since then,
And change and death o'er many a dwelling passed ;
Hearts, once in love's sweet union, firmly knit,

Have priceless Friendship from them, reckless cast ;
 But thou, to one dear image fondly true,
 No change, nor ebb, thy faithful spirit knew.

When rumor, with her busy tongue drew near,
 And loudly spoke of shipwreck, storm and cold,
 Mountains of ice that, like some giant wall,
 In their embrace the hapless crews enfold ;
 That slowly perished that imprisoned band,
 Still vainly yearning for their native land ;

Then paled thy cheek with many an anxious fear,
 Grew sick thy trusting heart, with hope deferred,—
 But strong to suffer, nor less strong to act,
 Thy earnest faith a nation's spirit stirred,—
 And noble hearts responded to the cry,
 " We go to seek thy lost one or to die ! "

Again, and yet again, each gallant barque
 Ploughs the rude deep, and icy terrors brave,—
 Some, after years in hopeless searching spent,
 Return,—and some have found afar a grave ;
 Hope flickers, dies, in every heart but thine,—
 Unquenched, thy spirit still its sacred shrine.

No charm had England's lofty halls for thee ;
 Music and mirth could not enchain thine ear ;
 A gloom hung over nature's fairest scenes,
 One presence only, could thy sad heart cheer ;
 " Where is the wanderer ? " still thy spirit cried,
 And turned, from each and all, unsatisfied.

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LADY FRANKLIN.

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But now, at length, the fatal tidings come,—
Thy years of sore suspense at last are o'er;
But, bitter anguish for thee, faithful one,
The prayed, the sought for, shall return no more !
His lonely grave, midst Arctic regions drear,
Must all unwatered be by Friendship's tear.

No weeping willow there shall graceful wave ;
No blooming flowers their sweetest perfume lend ;
No warbling songsters wake the silent air ;
Beneath Affection's step no long grass bend ;
Nor costly marble breathe his elegy,
But icy mound his sad sepulchre be.

Yet not unnoted has he passed away—
History's bright page his daring deeds shall tell ;
And while his fate and sufferings it reveals,
Shall hearts, who read, with deep emotion swell ;
But, better far than fairest wreaths of fame,
Thy constant love embalms his honored name.

Oh, tried and true affection ! Not in vain,
Though earth has closed above that precious dust ;
To brighter realms his happy soul escaped,
There minglest with the spirits of the just.
He waits thee now, rejoicing on that shore
Where love like thine shall meet to part no more.

THE FADED BLOSSOMS.

"Oh, are there not hours when the march of existence
Grows faint with a vain and a voiceless regret,—
For scenes that the pilgrim still marks in the distance
Yet bright with the memory of some we have met."

The autumn winds are sighing fitfully around the dwelling, vainly seeking ingress through closed windows and drawn curtains; the fire diffuses its cheerful light and warmth through the apartment, and busy fingers lay down the work and needle, as "the evening shadows fall", while the mind—left awhile, at liberty, to roam where fancy leads the way—is one moment looking back, tracing all the shadowy paths of the past, and the next gaily glancing into the future, erecting, with the assistance of hope, airy castles, which are indeed but "the baseless fabric of a vision". Beautiful, bewitchingly beautiful, is Dreamland,—and fancy fain would linger, —but reason, in sober tones, admonishes me to call the truant back,—and with a sigh and a smile, I obey her commands,—and the glowing visions she has conjured up speedily fade away.

Again, rushing past the casement, sweeps the autumn blast, so fitful, so wild, so mournful are its tones, that I could fancy them a requiem for departed summer. Those wailing winds have evoked sad yet

sweet memories, memories that early impressed on the heart can never be effaced,—

“ You may break, you may ruin the vase, if you will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still ”.

In my walk to-day, where lately luxuriant foliage charmed the eye with its grace, and afforded refreshing shade from the fervent rays of the sun, the trees stood despoiled of their beauty, while, thickly crowded over the path, lay the lately verdant but now withered leaves. From the gardens, too, have disappeared the blooming flowers; a few still linger, the last of a lovely race, as though unwilling to depart,—but winter, whose heralds are the biting frost and pitiless blast, has loudly proclaimed his coming, and soon the lingering vestiges of summer shall have disappeared from garden, field and bower.

Yes, the beautiful summer has gone—but not forever. Again shall earth rejoice in her smile, and bursting from its icy fetters, awaken to fresh beauty and life under her genial influence. Again shall the young and the happy go forth in the sunshine, singing “The winter is over and gone, and the time of the singing of birds is come”.

“ The daisy, fresh from winter’s sleep ”, shall again enamel the fields,—and the sweet Mayflower, with its perfume, lure many a wanderer to sequestered spots, while every garden shall be a chosen temple for the loveliest of Flora’s train.

But, alas, for the human flowers, that, for a time, gladdened happy homes, expanding into loveliness every day, until the spoiler came, and, beneath his icy touch, they faded and perished. The dark

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shadows of night are even now falling upon their graves,—and through the long grass that mantles their tombs, the autumn winds are mournfully sighing, while weeping survivors, in the bitterness of anguish, exclaim—

“Oh, not for the ravage of winter I mourn,
Kind nature the embryo blossoms will save,—
But when shall spring visit the mouldering urn,
Oh when shall day dawn on the night of the grave”?

Thought, ever active, has forcibly recalled to-night, the memory of—

“Two fair young blossoms that grew up
And faded by my side”.

Not very far distant is a home where, some time ago, death entered and plucked two of its fairest flowers. Companions of my childhood and early youth were they, and still, “though lost to sight, to memory dear”.

Two blooming sisters, buds of loveliness, the hope and pride of fond parents, were cut down in the very bloom of life. How vividly I can still recall them, though years have elapsed since, “ashes to ashes”, and “dust to dust”, were committed their lovely forms. I see Mary sitting, as she was often wont to do, near the school-room window, the bright rays of the sun lending a golden lustre to the rich brown hair parted smoothly from her fair forehead, her fragile, yet graceful form, bending over the drawing, which, even then, yielded intense delight to her artistic soul; I mark the kindling cheek, as the

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small white fingers diligently ply the pencil, and one touch after another is added, until it stands before her completed,—and now as she pauses and looks up, catching the glance of loving eyes bent on her, what a smile illuminates her pensive countenance,—a smile so sweet, so subdued, that one might imagine, such would be the smile of angels.

Of Mary's early death I had always a painful presentiment. She was so unlike others, so gentle, so loving; surely, blessed spirit, thou didst possess, in an eminent degree, woman's crowning ornament, "the ornament of a meek and quiet spirit, which in the sight of God is of great price". I never pressed that dear hand, but I felt the time would come when I would press it no more; I never listened to the sweet tones of that voice, but the thought would send an icy chill to my heart, that that voice should soon be silent in the grave;—and in our happiest intercourse with each other, a feeling of sadness, which I strove in vain to overcome, would invariably steal over me, a feeling such as would prompt the exclamation:—"This cannot last".

But Jane, the younger sister, the very personification of health and cheerfulness, she of the bounding step and laughing eye, the rosy cheek, who could have dreamed that the summons would first come to her! The counsellor of her younger brothers and sisters, to whom, next to their parents, they sought for sympathy in all their little grievances,—the lightener of domestic toil, whose face made sunshine round the hearth,—the pleasant schoolmate and companion, whose merry laugh rings even now in my ear,—who would have imagined that she would have been the

first of the family to tread the dark valley and shadow of death. But it was even so. From active duties, performed with a cheerfulness which would have shamed many a discontented and murmuring spirit, that had doubled her years,—in that period of life when existence has not lost its zest, and every object seems to contribute to its simple pleasures,—from a loving circle into which death had not yet entered and severed its golden links, was she called to part; violent and speedy disease seized upon the active, youthful form,—and, in a few short days, weeping survivors committed her to the tomb, “in sure and certain hope of a blissful resurrection”.

Not many months were the sisters separated. “Very lovely were they in their lives”,—and, in their death scarcely divided. Mary’s grief was characteristic of her nature. It was silent but deep, and daily her step grew more languid, her cheek paler, her smile more pensive. Disease found ready access to a frame fatally prepared for his influence,—and though love, stronger than death, would have held her back,—though fond parents, with streaming eyes, implored a longer delay,—and the earnest supplications of friends ascended to Heaven that she might be spared,—tears and prayers, love and friendship, availed not, for

“The Angel of the Covenant had come,—
And, faithful to his promise, stood prepared,
To walk with her through death’s dark valley.”

The parting struggle was short but severe. Death had lost its sting; the grave its power to harm; for

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faith, triumphant faith, lightened up that dying hour, and though severe pain racked the slight frame, the mind was calm and composed, nay, eagerly anticipating the moment when the soul, bursting from its prison-house, should emerge into the life and light of immortality.

Happy sisters! ye have met again, never to be separated. And oh what cares, what griefs may you not have escaped. “Very sorrowful” is too often the lot of a woman. Infinite wisdom alone can penetrate the future, and no doubt you were “taken away from the evil to come”.

To us who still linger in a world of trial your memories are precious. Embalmed with tears they may be, but there is no bitterness in those tears. We think of you as of two lovely spirits, who for awhile cheered and gladdened an earthly home,—whose words and looks of love are still among the heart’s precious treasures,—with whom we were permitted to converse, and to roam in pleasant paths, and then suddenly ye disappeared from our sight,

“Ye were not, for God took you”.

Farewell, dear ones, but not forever. Oh, precious thrice precious Gospel, through which life and immortality are brought to light. We may not “mourn as those without hope”, for well we know, if faithful we shall meet you again,—and this hope sustains us through many a dark and trying hour, while like the whisperings of some ministering spirit, recurs the sweet and encouraging language of *her*,* “the early

*Sarah Herbert.

THE FADED BLOSSOMS.

loved and lost", whom, having known and loved on earth, ye, long ere this, greeted on the eternal shores-

*"Oh, holy hope, thou art array,
Sent from a brighter clime,—
And, shedding o'er the mourner's way,
A radiancy sublime;
A rainbow, rich with hues more bright,
Than ever spanned the sky,—
And which a dearer hope declare,
The loved shall meet on high".*

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OUR WIDOWED QUEEN'S LAMENT, ON THE ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT.

Twelve months have sped! again dark dawns the day,
"Life of my life," when thou wert borne away;
When, with deep sighs that spake a breaking heart,
I marked thy presence from my home depart.
As when the sun withdraws its cheering light,
And deepest darkness veils the landscape bright,
So thy fond presence from my soul withdrawn,
Left me in gloom and loneliness to mourn.

To mourn, to mourn, though seated on a throne,
Still my heart echoes to that word *alone!*
What now to me the gorgeous pomp of state,—
The courtly throngs that for my bidding wait?
Though loyal nations cheerful homage pay,
And distant realms obedient own my sway;
Though all the gifts that wealth and power command
Adorn my palace homes with lavish hand;
Wealth, power and state can yield no joy to me,
Their charm is fled, no longer shared with thee.

Friend of my youth, my lover, husband, guide,
More precious far than aught on earth beside;
Time hath no spell to yield my soul relief,
Or mitigate the anguish of this grief;
Still on my heart thine image firm impressed,
Still sad the home thy genial presence blessed;
Thy children mourn their sire and truest friend,
A "weeping nation" o'er thine ashes bend,—
But none e'er knew thee,—no lament could be,
So deep, enduring, as my grief for thee.

Yet deem not, weakly yielding to despair,
I cast aside life's labors and its care;
Ah, no, the widow's God is still my guide:
He will protect, whatever ills betide;
And though my lips have bade thee sad adieu,
I still thy counsel and thy words review,
Joyful to mark and carry out each plan,
Thy efforts kind to aid thy fellow-man;
Walk in thy steps that we at last may meet,
And thou shalt greet me with approval sweet.

Forget me not! Oh, sometimes think on me,
In that bright home whose portals oped to thee!
Think still on her, who shared thy lot below,
On her deep love, and on her heartfelt woe;
And, if permitted, sometimes bend thy wing,
And gracious message to her spirit bring;
Tell of thy bliss, and of the soul's release
From care and grief that here must mar its peace;
Of purest pleasures for the good in store,

OUR WIDOWED QUEEN'S LAMENT.

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Pleasures at God's right hand for evermore.
Oh, sometimes come, I ask nought else from thee,
If, but in visions, love, return to me ;
Whisper some word of counsel, word of cheer,
And with fresh strength life's burdens I shall bear,
Till gladly at the summons I lay down
An earthly sceptre for an Heavenly crown.

LIGHT IN THE DARKNESS.

A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

"Watcher look up where the day-star is dawning,
Hope in thy heart let its promise awake;
And fearless and tireless wait for the morning,
Never a night but its morning shall break!"

"To suffer and be strong." The words almost involuntarily escaped from the lips of a pale and pensive girl who stood beside a narrow casement, watching the dusky light of the planet Mars.

A clear, cold night in autumn, very still, even here in this brsy New England city, for the dwelling was situated in an obscure street in its suburbs, where the sound of rattling wheels and the bustle of more important thoroughfares seldom intruded.

The room was neatly yet far from lavishly furnished; certainly not the abode of wealth and ease, yet not wanting in appliances of comfort, as the chintz-covered couch and easy chairs seemed to testify.

A lamp stood in the centre of a crimson-covered table, still unlit, but the fire gleamed cheerfully through the room, and shone on the face of the watcher by the window, who, turning away with a

sigh, drew the curtains closer together, and proceeded to arrange the table for the evening meal.

She had just finished her task when the door opened, and an elderly lady entered the apartment.

"How is Edward now, mamma?"

"He seems a little better and inclined to sleep, so I ventured to leave him for a few moments, and have come to learn what success your efforts have met with."

"Ah! dear mamma, had I met with any encouragement, I should have soon apprised you of it; but I felt so crushed, so dispirited, on my return, that I had not the heart to tell you."

"Well, dear Blanche," said the mother, cheerfully, as she marked the depression which stole over her daughter's countenance, and the tears that unbidden filled her eyes, "you must not forget our favorite motto, 'Hope on, hope ever!'"

"I know it, dear mother, but to-night hope itself seems to have taken flight. I feel so totally discouraged, so utterly helpless. I went forward this morning with such a trusting, buoyant heart, for I had carefully selected what I considered my best manuscripts, and fully anticipated meeting with some little success; but all the publishers of the periodicals to whom I applied, informed me that they had already as large a list of contributors as they required, or as their means would warrant them in securing; and so, with many courteous apologies, politely bowed me out. It is of no use, dear mamma, I plainly see I must relinquish my hopes of securing a livelihood through literature, and betake myself to a more humble sphere; but the question still remains,

‘What can I do?’ Tolerably expert as I am with my needle, I could scarcely hope to earn more than a precarious subsistence by it, if, indeed, I could do as much; and in every department of human industry there are so many toilers, that I fear, sometimes, there is no place for me. But I will try. To-morrow I shall endeavor to go forth again, and laying aside my foolish and too sensitive feelings, strive to find something to do, in this busy city, this great hive of human industry.’

There was touching resignation as well as earnest resolve depicted on Blanche’s face, as she raised her eyes and glanced at her mother.

“Dear mamma, you look pale to night. Sit down in the arm-chair by the fire, and let me make you comfortable.”

Mrs. Dormer quietly acquiesced in her daughter’s wishes, and sat down in the chair drawn up to the hearth, but said nothing, for her thoughts went back to the past.

Blanche, meanwhile, had seated herself on an ottoman at her feet, and almost unconsciously the mother’s hand smoothed the soft shining hair of the youthful head that reclined so tenderly against her.

But her daughter’s voice again broke the stillness.

“Dear mamma, how selfish I have been; my dejection I fear is contagious, for you, so generally hopeful, look desponding and unnerved.”

“No, dear, do not blame yourself. My thoughts wandered for a moment to the past, but it is over now; we must brace up all our energies for present exertion. For a willing heart and willing hands there surely will something be found to do, and yet—”

Pausing she glanced at Blanche, who sat in a thoughtful attitude at her feet, gazing abstractedly into the glowing embers.

A slight almost fragile form, a pale intellectual countenance, large eyes, whose dreamy depths were radiant with tenderness and emotion--a noble head and well developed brow that spoke of lofty intellect; but the soft flashing eye, the small, pensive mouth and tremulous lips were expressive of all loving and tender feelings; a nature heroic and steadfast in adversity, but one which perhaps the sunshine of prosperity alone could ripen into perfect loveliness: such was Blanche Dormer.

Mrs. Dormer was the daughter of an intellectual and aristocratic family; but having married against their will, an inferior in position and circumstances, not in mind, one of "nature's noblemen," she had been utterly cast off by her relatives. True to her woman's nature, she but clung the more closely to him for whom she had forsaken all; and though much of privation characterized her married life, never had she cause to regret the step she had taken, for love, the truest, the most devoted, was her portion, an abundant recompense, as she well knew, for every other loss sustained; and truly their quiet, humble cottage, illuminated by mutual affection, was to them an earthly Paradise.

But Death had entered their abode, and now, "a widow indeed and desolate," she had accompanied her only children, Blanche and her son Edward, to a large and wealthy city of New England, believing that here their talents might find appropriate spheres of usefulness, denied them in their native land.

But Edward had fallen ill. A slow fever wasted his strength day by day, until even the physician looked doubtful, and hinted his fears of its termination in a rapid decline.

Edward had been, since the death of his father, the support and comfort of his mother and sister; but now, stricken down by disease, to what source could they look for help?

"What could they do?" and day after day Blanche and her mother discussed, with a fainting heart, that vexing question of "ways and means," which has puzzled so many an able financier; but unhappily in their case, with little satisfactory result.

Blanche's intellect was of no mean order. From her earliest childhood she had been distinguished by an ardent love for knowledge, and her naturally fine literary taste, judiciously cultivated by parental care, had evinced itself in productions of very superior merit.

These had been penned chiefly for the gratification of her friends; but a few days since she had resolved on endeavoring to turn them to some account, and having obtained the address of the publishers of some of the principal literary periodicals, she had gone forth on the afternoon of the evening in which our sketch commences, with a tremulous heart, yet hopeful of success, to return, as our readers have already learned, dispirited and disappointed.

No wonder, then, that the mother, as she glanced at that sensitive and refined countenance, felt, sadly felt, how unfitted was so tender and delicate a plant to encounter the rude storms of life.

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remembering Him who has promised to be a "Father to the fatherless," and a "Husband to the widow," she tenderly strove to cheer and encourage Blanche, reminding her of many a gracious promise made to those who seek aright the blessing of Heaven on their earnest endeavors, until Faith and Hope sprang up afresh in each desponding heart, and striving to obey the injunction "Take no thought for the morrow," they thankfully partook of their evening's repast, and speedily resumed their watching by the couch of the beloved and patient sufferer.

"Frederick," said a portly-looking, elderly gentleman, as alighting from his carriage, he entered the office of the principal proprietor and editor of — Magazine, one which has obtained a world-wide renown.

"What now, father?" said the young man, good-humouredly, as the former presented him a roll of manuscript.

"Why, I have brought you, if I mistake not, some gems of literature, and, remember, I expect to be largely recompensed."

"Well done father! so you have turned writer at last, notwithstanding your opposition to your son engaging in so precarious a profession?"

"Not so fast, young man; not so fast. Use your eyesight a little, and tell me if that elegant penmanship resembles at all my cramped chirography. No, I assure you I have no intention of relinquishing my saddle-bags and golden fees for the pains and

pleasures of authorship, for I much fear the former would far outweigh the latter."

"But where then did you obtain these?" inquired the young man, giving another glance at the roll of papers he held in his hand.

"Never mind, I will wait till I hear your opinion of them; and then, perhaps, may inform you as to their authorship; though," he added, with a quizzical smile, "I shall hardly venture to enlighten you as to the locality of her abode, lest you find it convenient very often to turn your steps in that direction."

"I must go now, for patients will be clamorous for their morning's visit, but will call again in the course of the day and learn what you think of my literary taste, and remember, I shall demand a large remuneration for bringing to light hidden genius."

The young man laughed as he bade his father "Good morning," and turned with some curiosity to peruse the manuscript so highly eulogized.

"Dear Blanche, I have good news for you," said Edward, one morning, just after the Doctor's departure, as his sister entered his chamber.

"The best news, Edward, is that you are getting so much better," said Blanche, affectionately, as she handed him a refreshing beverage she had just prepared.

"Really this is delicious, Blanche. I think you would make an excellent cook. Suppose you apply," he said, with a mischievous smile, "for cooks are

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"I am afraid it is your partiality that heightens the flavor of the draught, but to other lips it might prove less palatable. But what is this 'good news' you are so anxious to impart to me?"

"Sit down here beside me then, for I require your most patient attention. Do you remember those writings you left on the table a few mornings since?"

"Perfectly; when I came back I missed them, and would have inquired of you, but you appeared to be asleep, so I would not disturb you, and concluding that mamma had laid them aside in the desk, dismissed the matter from my mind; indeed I had forgotten all about it until now you remind me of them."

"Well, the Doctor came in a little while after you left the room that morning, and after various inquiries respecting my health, &c.,—for you know how pleasant and chatty he is,—his eye—always a sharp one—happened to light on those papers.

"I hope you have not been trying to write," he said.

"Oh no, Doctor, nothing of the kind, I assure you. Those writings are my sister's compositions, and were accidentally left on the table."

"Would you permit me to look at them?"

I gladly assented, and he glanced over several pages.

"These seem of no ordinary merit, he remarked; but I should like to peruse them at my leisure. My eldest son is the publisher of a flourishing periodical,

and it is quite probable would be anxious to secure your sister's services as contributor to its columns."

" You may be sure I gladly consented to his taking the manuscript, though I resolved to say nothing to you about it, fearing to excite hopes which might be unfounded; but this morning he told me that his son, having, as he anticipated, been much delighted with the articles, intends to wait on you to-day, and engage your services, if you are willing, as a contributor to the pages of his magazine."

True to his promise, Frederick Templeman came, and satisfactory terms for both parties were arranged; but, as his father afterwards laughingly averred, he must have been endowed, at least for once in his life, with a prophet's ken, for, judging from the young man's frequent visits, an unwonted attraction drew him in that direction; nor did it cease until as his wife, transplanted to a sumptuous abode, Blanche Dormer bade adieu to the adversities which had chequered her earliest youth.

Yet were these not forgotten; they but enabled her more fully to sympathise in the sorrows of others; encouraging them, as she is wont to do, to hope on, while she points them to a higher source of trust, and, reverting to her own experience, often exclaims,—

*"The light of smiles again shall fill
The lids that overflow with tears;
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years."*

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CHEER UP, CHEER UP.

Cheer up, cheer up ! there's nothing gained
By giving way to grief,—
A thankful heart, a loving heart,
Is sure to find relief.
The clouds must pass ; the sun will shine
With more than genial ray ;
Then banish quick the brow of gloom
And gaily smile to-day.

I know you think upon the past,
And mourn for pleasures fled ;
I know that thorns lie thickly strewn
Upon the path we tread.
I know the genial light of hope
Has almost ceased to cheer,
But never for one moment yield,
Or hearken to despair.

Oh many a mercy in the past,
Still calls for grateful praise ;
How sweet the memory of joys
That gladdened earlier days !

CHEER UP, CHEER UP.

And though withdrawn they seem to be,
They may return again,
Then let thy faith and hope in God,
Unshaken still remain.

Then, oh cheer up! there's nothing gained
By giving way to grief;
A thankful heart, a loving heart,
Is sure to find relief.
The clouds must pass, the sun will shine
With more than genial ray;
Then banish quick that brow of gloom
And gaily smile to-day.

THE SEVERED HOUSEHOLD.

"Is there a spot upon this earth,
From which we'd never wish to roam,
Where best affections have their birth,
It is our home,—our own sweet home."

"I dwell among mine own people." These words have been ringing in my ears all day; as I passed from one domestic duty to another, like some old familiar strain they have recurred again and again to mind; and now as night is casting her mantle over the weary earth, as the rain patters against the casement, and the bright fire diffuses its cheerful light through the "Room of the Household," more forcibly than ever recurs that simple but expressive sentence, "I dwell among mine own people."

What a host of pleasant recollections are conjured up by those few words, and happy, thrice happy are they who can adopt them as descriptive of their own lot.

To be daily surrounded by faces familiar to us from our earliest [recollections,—to listen to voices that from childhood have soothed us with their melody,—to respond to smiles, beneath which no treachery is concealed,—to ramble in the green old woods, and to pluck the flowers, beautiful in themselves, but more beautiful still, as associated with sweet and precious memories of some who, like

THE SEVERED HOUSEHOLD.

us, numbered flowers among God's precious gifts,— and to dwell in the home consecrated by affection, and made cheerful with the sunshine of happy and contented hearts; such are a few of the delightful advantages enjoyed by those who can thus exclaim, "I dwell among mine own people."

But "passing away" is written on all created good, and sooner or later changes the happiest households.

As years wing their noiseless flight, the fireside circle is gradually diminished; one member after another of the happy group that gathered around the hearth disappears; some to seek their fortunes in distant climes; others to form the light and life of happy homes; and not a few it may be have been inhabitants of the "house appointed for all living," until at last the household is broken up, and the dwelling passes into other hands, while the memory of those who grow up beneath its sheltering walls, survives only in the hearts of a faithful few.

The truth of these brief remarks was forcibly impressed on my mind by the departure from our shores to seek a home in another land, of three interesting members of a once happy household.

With the family, and especially with the eldest daughter, I had been somewhat acquainted in childhood, and though as we grew up our paths were divided, and our intercourse was only at rare intervals, still I always felt interested in her welfare, an interest heightened by the peculiarly painful and trying circumstances through which though young, she was called to pass.

When first we became acquainted, the family,

though not perhaps in very affluent circumstances, were surrounded by every comfort, and to the eye of the casual observer nothing was wanting to complete their happiness. The mother an amiable, and excellent woman; the father a man of gentlemanly address and pleasing manners; the children intelligent and lovely,—what more could be wanting?

But alas! a worm was at the root. The husband and parent partook of the sparkling wine-cup; and as his love for it increased, so did his affection to his family diminish.

His faithful wife with tears and entreaties besought him to relinquish a habit, which, if persisted in, must eventually prove his ruin; and friends, gathering around, lifted up their warning voice, imploring him to abstain; but their efforts were fruitless.

It is true that for a time he seemed to heed their entreaties, and hope again sprung up in the heart of his wife, but only to receive a more deadly blight. for no sooner did temptation present itself, than protestations and solemn vows were all forgotten, and he again became a prey to the tempter. I need not strive to trace his gradual downfall. That, no doubt, is written in characters of fire on the hearts of the members of his household,—for none but those who have marked, day by day the fatal habit acquiring a yet stronger and sterner ascendancy: who, with agonizing tears and prayers have attempted to avert the impending calamity,—whose hopes have been blighted whose affections have been crushed,—and whose very hearts have become a prey to despair as they witnessed the ravages of intemperance in their once happy households, none but such are

adequate to describe the drunkard's career.

At length the loving wife, who had borne uncomplainingly the burden of a woe which none but a drunkard's wife can appreciate,—the tender and faithful mother who had striven to supply the place of him to whom her children should have looked for protection and support, was attacked by disease, the result probably of those long years of deep, hopeless, and silent grief.

The physicians told her there was no hope, and, but for her children, the summons to depart would have been a joyful one, for

"What was life to her,
What but a lingering death ?
Tasting its bitterness
In every breath ;"

and she had long since laid up her affections in that land where sorrow cometh never,—but her children, how could she leave them alone, for what protection would he be to them who could stagger into that chamber over which death was hovering, and with words of reproach address the patient, pallid, dying sufferer.

Her sons might struggle with the world, but her daughter, that daughter, who like an angel of mercy hovered around that sick couch, how could she leave her to struggle through the world uncheered by

"A mother's kind counsel, a mother's fond prayers."

"For her sake," she said to a friend sometime before her death, "for her sake I strive to bear up and look cheerful."

And well might she, for surely never had mother a more faithful and affectionate daughter. Discharging with a zeal that never slackened, and a love that never tired, those duties which devolved upon her as the head of a large household, she was at the same time the nurse, the comforter, the stay of her dying mother.

Too often,

"When woman's eye grows dim,
And her cheek paleth,
When fades the beautiful
Then man's love faileth,"

but not so with this devoted daughter. Regardless of every recreation, she continued unweariedly her offices of love until death came and snatched the beloved object from her tender care.

And then were the hapless orphans left alone, though many kind friends gathered sympathisingly around them; but none could supply the place of a father, who should have been there to mingle his tears with his bereaved ones, and by his tenderness and affection to mitigate, in some measure, their grief.

Where was he then? Alas, before the grave had closed over the faithful wife and fond mother, he was again in the haunts of dissipation, striving to drown the memory of his misery, and it may be his remorse, in the intoxicating bowl.

Weeks passed on, and still the patient daughter discharged with fidelity the onerous duties which devolved upon her, and by unwearied acts of kindness strove to soften that obdurate heart; but filial

devotion failed to win the soul so long steeled against all kindly influences, and reproaches and blows, from which no longer a mother's love could shield, were her only reward.

At length life was not secure in his presence, and his very step would send the blood back to her heart, while at the sound of his voice an icy shudder would thrill through her frame.

One afternoon partially intoxicated, he returned furious to his dwelling, and having by some artful stratagem contrived the absence of all the family, except herself and a younger brother, thrusting her into an inner room and locking the door, he called to the boy in tones of thunder to bring his sword, declaring he was determined to kill her.

The boy tremblingly hastened as if to obey, but fortunately making his escape, he hurried to the house of some friends, who arrived but just in time to rescue the hapless girl from the merciless grasp of a father. * * * * *

They sent him to a distant country, and there it is possible repentance may visit him; and now the household is broken up, and most of its members separated from each other, some having gone to seek a livelihood in another land.

Reader, this is no fancy sketch, no *fiction* to affright the imagination by depicting woes that never had an existence; it is indeed an "ower true tale," and the one half has not been told, but if it should serve to convince but one of the evils of intemperance, should lead but one to dash the wine-cup from his lips, and resolve in the strength of grace to abandon its use for ever, this simple narration of facts will not have been written in vain.

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GOOD-BYE.

"Then give to me—oh, give to me,
That GENTLE WORD, 'Good-bye.'"

A GENTLE WORD,—and canst thou call it such,
When standing by the couch of pain and death,
Wiping the cold damps from the sufferer's brow,
And watching eagerly the failing breath;
While burns with love intense the fading eye,
And quivering lips pronounce a last "Good-bye?"

A GENTLE WORD,—when on the billows tossed,
The bark that bears a loved one far away,—
When mourns the mother for her household joy,
And, in her lonely chamber, strives to pray;
Her furrowed cheek, her dim and sunken eye,
Will tell what lingers in that word "Good-bye."

A GENTLE WORD,—in those delicious hours,
That sometimes gild with glory life's dark page!
When the lone spirit thrills to kindred chord,
And sweetest sympathy all cares assuage;
Then doomed to part! White lips and heart-wrung sigh,
Reveal the anguish of that sad "Good-bye."

A GENTLE WORD,—and do ye deem it thus,
Ye who have loved, yet schooled the loving heart,
At Duty's call, to breathe in faltering tones,
The fatal word that bade your peace depart?
The midnight vigil, with its lonely cry,
Will be the severed spirit's sole reply!

A GENTLE WORD,—yes, though it speaks of woe,
Of happy hours that all too quickly flew.
Could better prayer be breathed for our beloved,
Than "God be with you," all life's journey thro'
Until united in our home on high,
Our lips forget to speak that word "Good-bye."

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